

A Prized Cough Cure

"I have not been without a bottle of **Coltsfoote Expectorant** in the house for over nine years. At that time I procured it for a bad cold I had. It worked such wonders then that it has been a household remedy ever since, and we will have no other for coughs and colds—it is so pleasant to take, and all of my children look for it as soon as they get a cold at all. Nearly all of them have been subject to croup, and that's when I find **Coltsfoote Expectorant** useful. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you wish."

MRS. LEWIS NIGH.

Free Sample of Coltsfoote Expectorant

will be sent to any person sending their name and address and naming this paper. It has established a wonderful record as a successful cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and all irritated conditions of the throat and chest. It is the prescription of a great specialist in medicine. At all good druggists, 25c. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Send for Free Sample To-day.

A Night Spent in the Island of Jamaica.

A West Indian plantation overseer tells the following story of a unique experience which has a distinctly humorous side:

Down in the Island of Jamaica it is common to ride 20 miles to make a call or make up the fourth in a card party. One evening the assistant overseer and I started out on horseback to spend the evening with old Col. Blackinton and his wife, whose place was about 15 miles from our estate. We were to stay over night.

Well, we had dinner and a game. Then the colonel took a candle in hand and showed us to the one and only guest chamber. The colonel's house was very old but not big. He was mighty proud of that guest chamber, and more so of the fact that it had a guest in it three nights in the week for twenty years. You see West Indian hospitality has only one rule. If you are a gentleman, ride up at sundown, and there you are and glad to see you.

That room was a mighty fine relic of the old days. It was so big that your voice boomed through it. There was but one window, and that was as big as four ordinary windows. The bedroom furniture seemed shabby until you looked close and saw that it had seen about two centuries service. The bed—the only bed—was a big mahogany four-poster canopied over with mosquito netting draped on massive posts.

REST FOR THE FAMOUS.

After telling us once more of all the famous guests who had slept in that bed, the colonel withdrew. Billings, my assistant, got into bed first. When I climbed in beside him it was to find that he was occupying the middle of the bed.

"Here, roll over, you hog!" I said.

He rolled over and I got in. In a few minutes I was conscious that Billings was leaning heavily on my back. I protested violently. "Hang it all," he said exasperated, for he had been dozing off. "I've rolled over about a dozen times already. I'm right on the edge of the bed."

As I doubted his word he got mad and insisted that I put my hand over and feel for myself. I did. Sure enough he had less than a grown man's share of that bed.

"Maybe now you'll roll over," said he, having verified that I had a yard to spare.

Well, I rolled over, and in doing so I found that I was rolling uphill. Then I knew that the colonel's tri-weekly guests for twenty years had established a definite hollow in the middle of the old four-poster. Having said so much already, however, I decided to say no more. But I found the greatest difficulty in maintaining my position on the side of the bed, and I was conscious that Billings was grimly holding on at his end, too.

Presently I dozed off—yes, off—and presently Billings began to swear, for he had again caught me trying to usurp the best part of the bed.

"Look here, old man," I said, and I explained the situation, whereat he calmed down.

"Tell you what we'll do," he said. "Climb up on your side and sleep with your arm hanging over the side. That'll sort of hold you in position. I'll do the same."

We did that. All went well for maybe half an hour, when we both had fallen off—that is, dropped off—you know what I mean. We'd both fallen asleep hanging on to our side. Then I awoke with a start. It was as if in a dream I had fallen over a precipice and come in collision with a runaway locomotive at the bottom. Next minute Billings and I were sitting up in bed spitting like cats and accusing one another of breaking faith. When I consider it now, calmly and dispassionately, I think Billings must have slid down his hill simultaneously. That's the only way I can account for the force of our impact in the valley.

We climbed up again, both of us in a very ugly frame of mind. The same thing happened repeatedly. It was like a nightmare

where you are the sole survivor clinging to the masthead of a ship that threatens to sink at any minute. Then the ship would go down and instead of hitting soft water I would be impaled upon a hidden reef, which presently arose in a fury and cursed me for a practical joker.

IN THE WAKE OF THUNDER.

To add to our misery—for there is no misery to equal the uneasy bed—it got very sultry. About 2 o'clock in the morning a thunderstorm broke and the lightning began to play dazlingly in the big window.

"For heaven's sake," growled Billings at length, "get up and draw that blind. I can't sleep for that blazing."

"Neither can I. But that's no reason why I should do the job. Get up yourself and draw it."

We had another spat over that. Billings accused me of ill-temper. That was the very accusation I had against the assistant. I told him also that he was "d—d disrespectful," whereat he flared up and said:

"Look here, we're not on the estate now. You can't talk to me like that. I have a perfect right to 'd—n' even the owners of the boundary lines."

Ha had me there, and to show my regret I got up to draw the blind. I remember seeing a gleam of humor in it about this juncture—the two of us spitting like a pair of children while the lightning zipped and the thunder crashed over the old house. But that was the only gleam of humor I saw till—well!

The blind was one of the old-fashioned home-made things. It was rolled up to the top and held up by bows of blue tape. To let it down you had to get on a chair and untie the bows, when the whole length of blind would come down on the run. Unless you knew the knack of the old thing it was liable to come down on one side only when you had untied one bow. Then it would tangle in your efforts to get the other knot unhitched. Once it was down it required domestic genius to roll it up again.

I must have fiddled over that thing for 10 minutes. What with the sultriness and my exasperation and the ill-chosen criticisms of the fellow back in the bed, I was presently bathed in profuse moisture.

"How many fingers have you got, anyway?" demanded Billings peevishly.

"Look here, Billings," I said, wrathfully, "if you say another word, I'll—"

And that was as far as I got, for in the fervor of elocution I lost my balance and came down on the hardwood floor like a bag of bricks. If Colonel Blackinton heard it he must have thought the thunder pretty bad.

I nursed my wrath and my bones for about two minutes. Then I got up and gave the blind a yank. Something ripped, but it came down right enough, although there was a slit at the very top, where you could see the lightning still streaking flimsily. But the blind was down.

After staring against the lightning-illumined window for the best part of fifteen minutes and with the blind down, the room was to my eyes as black as the grave. I crept cautiously off the chair and began to walk forward with my hands out before me. But I suddenly realized that I had forgotten just where the bed was. I had only seen it for a few minutes by candlelight, and that was so long ago—so many years ago. It was a fearful night.

"Where's the candle?" I asked.

"You blew it out," said Billings with a chuckle.

"I can't for the life of me make out what you are laughing about," I said.

"I'm not laughing!" he retorted. "I don't see what you are fooling about the room for. Come on. I want to sleep."

"Well, whereabouts is the bed?" I asked, groping aimlessly forward.

"Can't you find the bed?" said Billings with gentle surprise.

"No!" I fairly bellowed, whereat Billings went off in a shriek of sudden hysterical laughter.

Mad clear through, I advanced boldly in the direction of the laughter. My knees struck something with painful sharpness. I plunged wildly forward and fell over the obstacle.

Splash!

AN UNTIMELY BATH.

The shock of my fall was far outdone by the shock of finding myself immersed in icy cold water. I was half lying, half sitting in six or seven inches of water. It was a few minutes before I realized that I had fallen in a tub of water. The bathtub was one of those old colonial things usually carved out of a cedar or a cottonwood tree. I remembered having seen it when I entered the room with the colonel—a long tub cut out of a single tree-trunk.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was all I could say (or words to that effect); "I've fallen into a tub of water."

That set Billings off worse. He shrieked like the wind in a hurricane. Colonel Blackinton must have thought it a wild night. It was.

I scrambled out of the tub, wrathful and dripping, and made an infuriated dash at the shriek. The next moment I came slap up

HOW ZAM-BUC SAVED A GIRL'S HAIR.

A Lesson to All Mothers.

When eczema, ulcers or ringworm break out on the scalp, generally the first thing the doctor orders is to have the hair cut off. Do not do it before trying Zam-Buk, which can cure without such a sacrifice. Mrs. J. Butler, of 5 Bannockburn, Avenue, Montreal says:—

My daughter, Annie, caught eczema. It broke out on her face and scalp, and the disease was quickly transmitted to Herbert and Edith, and in their cases not only their heads, but their hands and faces were covered with sores and scaly places.

I tried various blood-purifying remedies in vain and then consulted a doctor. He applied all kinds of lotions but the sores remained the same. He next ordered that the hair be all shaven off from the girl's heads in order to get down to the disease on the scalp. They each had nice long hair and thought it such a pity to cut it all off. I refused. He thereupon withdrew his services altogether.

After that I bought first one thing and then another, but it was all no good until we got Zam-Buk. That proved equal to the case and in a few weeks it cleared every trace of skin disease from each child. With it in use there was no need to cut off the girls' hair or take any other extreme measure, it just went to work and healed the sores in fine shape."

Zam-Buk cures blood poisoning, cuts, bruises, old wounds, running sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, eczema, itch, barber's rash, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases. Best cure for piles yet known. All druggists and stores at 50c. a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

against the mahogany-boarded wall with force enough to set my nose bleeding like a stuck pig. For a few minutes there was pandemonium, what with the things I said, the shrieking of Billings, the crashing of thunder and the luridness of it all helped out by the lightning.

"Why don't you raise the blind again?" Billings gurgled.

"Raise the blind," I yelled. "Raise the blind, you blank fool! Where is the blind? It would take me a year to raise that blind. It was you and the blank blind that began all this."

"Well, come into bed," said he, seeing, I suppose, that the joke was going too far. "Excuse my laughing, old chap."

Well, I got back to the wall, and started feeling my way around so as to make sure of finding the bed some time. I suppose the uncertainty of my movements, the strange groping sounds and my occasional remarks when I hit something with my toes—I suppose it was a bit tickling to Billings, but he went off again like a blinded hyena.

"It shouldn't be difficult for a man who can strike a bee line through thick jungle to—"

That was as far as he got, for I got him and the bed at the same time. I came down on him like a bunch of bricks, fists, knees and everything. His shrieks changed to howls.

"Let up! Let up!" he cried.

But I kept pummeling him in the darkness. I got him where I wanted him, snugly-enconced in the hollow of that infernal bed, and that only added to my wrath. He finally managed to escape over the mountain-side, I would have followed him, but it struck me that my best revenge would be to take the hollow of the bed myself and defy him to come within six feet of the four-poster.

He must have thought I was after him, for he made a wild rush across the dark room. There was a terrific crash, a howl, and a clatter of broken crockery. At the same time the door opened and a ray of candle light shone in. There, too, was the colonel in his night-shirt, looking very shocked.

What he saw was a dripping, blood-stained creature in the bed and Billings mixed up with the washstand and broken crockery in the middle of the floor.

Well, we explained it—somehow.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 753

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tower—"I never saw a man who was so fond of entertaining as Henpeck is. It's really remarkable." Browne—"Oh, that's not so strange. You see, his wife is quite pleasant to him when there's company in the house."—Philadelphia Press.

TEACHER WANTED.

A second or third class teacher for Beaufort, District No. 18, Parishes of Kent and Aberdeen, to commence teaching in August. R. J. LEE, Secretary. July 22-6.



It is not necessary for us to "blow" about the good qualities of our Carriages. Our thousands of pleased and satisfied customers will do that. For 1908 the splendid line we are selling is if anything better than ever. The many styles comprise

Road Wagons, End Springs, Side Springs, Top Buggies, Piano Box Buggies.

With Ball Bearing Axles, as well as Plain Bearing. With Rubber Tire Wheels as well as Steel. All guaranteed.

BALMAIN BROS. Woodstock. Meductic, Hartland, Florenceville East, Bath, Perth, Aroostook Junction and Grand Falls.

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.

MAKE YOUR PLANS.

Those who intend to visit the St. John Exhibition, September 12-19, should make their plans now. Don't wait a month, a week, or even a day longer.

EARLY ENTRIES

Are an advantage, beside costing less than when made later—read the Prize List, that's official—if you have not seen one, send for it to

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.
23 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BANK OF MONTREAL, Capital \$14,400,000 Surplus \$11,000,000

HARTLAND, N. B., BRANCH.

Branches and Correspondents in all parts of the world. Exchange Bought and Sold. One Dollar opens a Savings Bank Account Interest credited four times a year.

P. GRAHAM Manager, Hartland, N. B., Branch.

Office hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 12 a. m.

SUN FIRE INSURANCE COMPY, Established 1710.

Funds exceed.....\$12,000,000
Paid San Francisco Fire..... 2,885,000

One of the first companies to pay in full.

J. W. ASTLE
Is the Local Agent of this splendid British Company.

BUSINESS FOR SALE.

Store and dwelling in connection at Jacksonville, Carleton County, N. B., with corner lot of land. Store 20 x 45 feet, beside warehouse room for heavy stuff. Stock of Dry Goods and an assortment of first class Groceries. This is a good business stand in a fine locality. Can show correct figures of last year's trade. Ill health from effects of an accident only reason for offering for sale. Post Office in store. Daily mail for fifty-five families. Address, or apply to

NELSON TURNEY, Jacksonville, N. B. -18-81.

It is important that persons placing

FIRE INSURANCE

should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely:

CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797. ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III and the QUEEN.

I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock, N. B.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public. Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line. A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL, Connell Street, Woodstock.

WANTED.

A girl to do general housework. Apply to **MRS. L. P. FISHER.**